Fron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE. IRONTON, MISSOURI.

AROUND THE YEAR.

Love came to me in the Spring-time,
With the soft, sweet April showers;
Her breath was the breath of the woodland,
And her lap was filled with flowers.

Her step was a sone in the silence;

The includy rose and fell

As sile danced through the fragrant twilight

To the bower we knew so well.

And the Spring glided on to the Summer With the flame of its fervent darts,

And the noon of the fleeting season Was the noon of our beating hear But the Autumn came with its shadows, And noon was no longer hot; And the frost crept into our pulses, And Sum ner and Spring were not.

And Love was alive with the Winter, But her beauty and grace had fied;
'Mid the snows of March I left her,
With a cypress wreath at her head.

-Hart Lyman, in Harper's Magazine.

THAT LETTER.

Ar thirty-five Farrell Bainbridge had en gaged himself to marry Grace Harrison. She was ten years younger than he, which according to his theory was quite as it ought to be, for he had always had a notion that he would like to be the head of his household, and he had observed among his friends that those who had married ladies decidedly those who had married ladies decidedly their juniors seemed to command a deference from their mates which husbands matched more equally in respect of age did not secure without considerable effort, if at all. In these leveling days, when a husband could no longer count on the prestige of sex which stood his forefathers in such good stead, it behooved him, according to toward the maintenance of marital authority as the principle of seniority, itself also some

what in decay, could lend.

I would not convey the idea that any unromantic degree of common-sense had en-tered into Farrell's engagement. It had been a real love-affair, and doubtless if the young lady had turned out to be some years older instead of younger than himself, he would have had no difficulty in discovering some theory equally plausible for reconcil-ing that fact with his ideal of the marriage

From the lady's point of view, on the other hand, there are disadvantages as well as advantages connected with marrying a hus-band decidedly maturer than herself. A disadvantage is that he has probably sown more or less wild oats; an advantage is that he has probably got done sowing them. Now Farreit had never had a bad name for fast living and had never had a bad name for last living and had never deserved one, but there had been passages in his life which he would have been excessively panic-stricken to have had come to the knowledge of Grace. Nor would the panic have been merely an unworthy cowardice. He had done with his past. He was about to begin with her a new life. He wanted to feel this new life separate and distinct from the other. To have had and distinct from the other. To have had any painful mutual consciousness between them regarding the past would have taken away much of the inspiration for a new departure in living which her unsuspecting

confidence gave him.

The engagement had been a short one. certain morning about a month previous to the time fixed for the wedding. Farrell sat writing a letter to his betrothed-for he lived and did his work in a large city some hundreds of miles from the New England village where she resided with her parents. As he was finishing his letter to Grace an errand boy brought him in a note. He tore th open, glauced it over quickly, and then frowningly read it again, as many as three times. Then, muttering between his teeth, "It's the last time, any how," he wrote a few word on a piece of paper and folding it up with the communication he had received put them together into an envelope. Then, putting his letter to Grace in an envelope, he directed both and went out to the Postoffice. The office was busy and crowded with coming and going people, for it was near time for closing the noon mails. Farrell took his two letters from his pocket and dropped one of them through the narrow slit into the letter box. It was the one addressed

to Miss Grace Harrison.

He was about to drop the other after ft when it struck him that it was heavier than he had thought, and at the same moment he recalled that it e letter to Grace as he dropped it in had seemed rather light. He felt of the letter in his hand more carefully; he raised it against the light, then quickly tore it open. It contained his letter to Grace. The envelope directed to Grace which he had just dropped into the box contained the other letter. Yes, by peering into the slit through which he had dropped it he could see it lying there. It had fallen face up. He could see the direction. It was very plainly written. He always took particular pains in writing to Grace to write very plainly, for she had scolded him for his illegible hand. It was very sure, confoundedly sure, to go straight to her. The stupidest clerk, the blindest letter-carrier, could make no mis-

the about that. As he stood stupidly peering through the slit at the letter lying at the bottom of the box within, he was jostled by a man with a letter to drop. When the man had gone away Farrell looked through the slit again, and saw that his letter was partly covered with the other. As he observed this he was again jostled by a boy with a handful of let-ters. The boy looked sharply at him. It occurred to Farrell that the boy suspected him of wanting to rob the mail. Well, he did. That was just what he wanted to do. He would have done it in a moment if he

could have got his arm through that slit.

He stood aside out of the rush of people and leaned against the wall, trying to think what he should do. He holds still in his hand the misdisected envelope containing his letter to Grace. Let us glance at the ad-

ab hims with Steward ... Club, hipp

tended for the steward of his club had then gone to Grace. Well, what of it? Doubtless it was a mere business communication. She would laugh, and at once comprehend-She would laugh, and at once comprehending the mistake would re-mail it to him with some dierry comment. That would be all. Yes, but how then explain the chagrin and consternation with which Farrell recognized the mistake, and how account for the painful agitation which his face and manner betray as he stands with his hand to his forehead debating desperate means for the recovery of the epistle? Evidently there is something we don't know about, nor yet even guess, connected with that letter to the ateward. Young men sometimes have queer

even guess, connected with that letter to the steward. Young men sometimes have queer secrets and queer confidants.

Farrell glances up at the clock. The New England mail closes in ten minutes. Whatever he does he must do quickly. Of course! Why hadn't he thought of it before? He must go to the Postmaster and tell him his predict ment. No doubt he would return predicament. No doubt he would return him the letter at once on its being pointed

Farrell was pointed to where a gentleman sat with a stove-pipe hat on the back of his head writing at a desk. He did not so much head writing at a desk. He did not so much as look up from his work as Farrell stood over him, and the latter, recognizing that it was not line for ceremony, began at once. A I am worsy to inconvenience you, but the fact is I've just this moment made a rather awkward mistake in inclosing a letter to one person in an envelope directed to another, and should like to get the letter back out of the Connecticut mail."

"Very sorry, sir." said the Postmaster

the Connecticut mail."

"Very sorry, sir," said the Postmaster without looking up. "Can't do anything for you. Such mistakes are constantly being made. If we undertook to rectify them couldn't attend to anything else,"

"But sir," exclaimed Farrell, "I am a respectable person. There is my card."

You will receive a letter from me to-mor-ow. It was sent you by mistake. Please ourn without opening.

Miss Lucy Harrison was extremely devoter sister. Her engagement had been a meet trial to her, not more on her own account than by reason of her anxiety on Grace's behalf. She had been convinced from the first that Farrell was not the thousandth part good enough for her elstet. This was not that she know mything specific mainst him. She would think the same about any young man who had presumed to claim her darling little sister. great trial to her, not more on her own ac-

Lucy was however a discreet young wom-an, and not a word did she breathe that evening to her father or mother of the tele-gram. Next morning at nine with the rest atthemail came a letter addressed in Far-

of the mail came a letter addressed in Farrell's hand to Grace, and with the post-mark
of his city. An hour later Grace herself
came nome. The first ining suc taked, and
the kisses and greating, was at there was
letter for her
"Yes," said but, "illeon you burear."
Grace ran unstairs. There was the later,
Never had sie thought her name so pretty
as since she saw it in her lover's hand,
writing. Lacy had followed her. She naw
her catch it up, look fondly at it, and then per catch it up, look fondly at it, and then it. Her course was as if Eve, instead of eatwith a quick gesture press it to her lips. She ooked around and saw her sister.

"Just wait till you are in love, Lucy,"
she said, blushing and gayly laughing as alie esan to open the letter. "Stop," said Lucy, extending to her sister the telegram in its yellow envelope. "This came for you yesterday, and that is no doubt what it refers to. You'd better read it first. I don't know what to make of it."

Grace took the telegram and read it. Then she looked at the letter and read the telegram again.

gram gain.
"I'm not to read it," she said in a puzzled tone. "A mistake? Why what does he mean? Why did he write it to me if he loesn't want me to read it?" and she regarded Lucy ont of violet eyes round with bewilderment, as if she were bound to ex-

bewilderment, as it she were bound to ex-plain the mystery. But the latter answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"I'm sure I don't know. I don't pretend to explain such a curious transaction. One thing is pretty plain though, Mr. Farrell Bainbridge would never have stultified himself by sending such an extraordinary telegram unless he had some very strong reason for desiring to prevent you from seeing what

"But how could he write me something one minute and then the next be so anxious to prevent my reading it?" said Grace, ready to cry with perplexity. "That's not natur-al. It's not a bit like Farrell." "Perhaps not," said Lucy. "You ought to be fully acquainted with his character. You've known him the whole of six months, I believe:"—she could not refrain from this "-she could not refrain from thi

had gone out, he concluded he would rather | feel and he will explain it all."

"Grace," said her sister, "if I were en-

gaged to marry a man and received a letter under such circumstances as these I should read it. You can't tell what may be in it. There may be something in it that will and ndeed ought to make a difference in your feelings toward him. You must forgive me, my darling little sister, if I talk plainly, but there may be something in that letter which if you knew it would make you unwilling to marry him,"

marry him."

"Lucy!"

"You may cry out as you please," said the elder sister, compassionately but firmly, "but your own sense will tell you I am right. You love him, but now little after all you know about him."

"But I have no right to open it when he tells me not to," sobbed Grace.

"Yes you have. The letter is as much directed to you as the telegram. He sent it to you of his own free will, intending you to read it. He changed his mind afterward, it is true, but that doesn't make it less your is true, but that doesn't make it less your right to read what he wrote meaning it for your eye. If he had spoken to you instead of writing to you and said something which he afterward asked you to ignore, you would not feel bound to do so even if you could. You would have a right to whatever he had once told you, however sorry he might be afterward that he had revealed it. That would be just like this. He has told you something in this letter. He tells you in the telegram to ignore it. The only difference is that, thanks to the quickness of the telegraph, you have his first and second thoughts before the envelope in two. Then her strength failed. She had never done a mean thing in her life. Was this mean? Had she a right to you have his first and second thoughts before you bence, and you can choose which you will regard. I can't see that his second thought has any more claim on your respect than his first thought."

"Oh. I can't divide him up that way, Lucy, and his latest thought."

and think of him as if there were two of him

thousand creeping, crawling, biting, cling-ing doubts and suspicions. What could it be that he had written in that letter? What

That won't do, sir," said the Postmaster. "No offense, sir, but if I'd seen you drop that letter in the box with your own and I should have no business to give it back again. The beating of ner heart almost suffice ted her. As she held the letter legal evidence of its receipt, and it would make a pretty mess if a man after mailing a letter could get it back again. Except the sight of her hard thievish eyes and white, a witch's candle. the sight of her hard thievish eyes and white, reckless face. "Oh how bad I am already!"

then her love would rise like a giant and thrust out every foe and for the moment hold the door against them, and in a passionate unreasoning trust she would press the letter to her lips.

When at last she rose and washed her eyes,

she was quite calm. Sitting downshe wrote to Farrell as follows: I was away last night, and when I came home this morning I received your telegram and the letter to which I suppose it referred, logether. If I had disregarded the telegram and read the letter I should perhaps feel more and read the letter I should perhaps feel more at ease in my mind than I now do. But I did not read it. I don't know but I had a right to in spite of the telegram, and I would like you to feel that I have done pretty well not to. But I will trust you, Farrell, I do trust you; If I did not I don't know what would become of me.

of me.

P. S.—I hope you will duly consider your next letter before sending it, and be sure you are willing to have me read it. I do not like

The coder may observe that the above letter while stating that the writer had regarded the prohibition of the telegram so far in not reading the letter was concerned, ohits to say any thing about burning it. There was a good reason for the omission. Grace had not burned it. She had not read it. She did not mean to, but she had kept it. Her course was as if Eve, instead of eating the apple, had put it in her pocket, that is, of course, supposing that she had had any pocket.

been decidedly uneasy as to the manner in which his telegram might be received by Grace, and when he read her letter he was mightily relieved. Some girls would have made such a fuss over such a thing, for it must have seemed a little odd to her; they would have made a row, but Grace had only seemed a little annoyed and quite good-natured about it. To be sure, he noticed that she omitted to mention having burned the letter. Probably though she had done so. He ter. Probably though she had done so. He would like to assure himself on this point, but he felt that he had rather imposed on her already and was hardly in a position to hold her to a strict account. Accordingly when he wrote in reply he said nothing about the matter of the burning, and indeed barely alluded to the missent letter. He said that he had made a very laughably stupid blunder and was no end obliged to her for not being vexed at the trouble he had made her, and then without further words about the business passed on to talk love in such a fervid strain that it is no won-der Grace forgot to criticise the suddenness of the transition from explanation to protestation. He had never written her such a letter before. Lucy came out as Grace sat reading Farrell's letter the second time over. "I suppose he explains all about that mysterious letter?" she said as she saw the hand-writing, and glanced sharply into

Grace's face.
"I am perfectly satisfied," said Grace, and If believe;"—she could not refrain from this sarcasm—"I suppose," she continued, "we have all of us torn up a good many letters which we had written to send to people, and have sent some which we wish we had torn up. I don't prefet to gues the riddle, but perhaps Mr. Bainbridge had an impulse of frankness and wrote you some things which upon sober second thought, after the mail bad cone out, he concluded he would rather

"Oh I can't think of it that way, Lucy," exclaimed Grace, now crying outright. "It was a sift there were two Farrells, one who trusted me and one who didn't. Which of them is mylover?"

A couple of days later he did come, for a mere flying visit of a single evening. Grace was just enough afraid of her big lover to add an exquisite thrill to her love for him. Nevertheless she went down stairs to the parlor quite intending to broach the subject parlor quite intending to broach the subject of the letter at the first good opportunity she found in the course of their conversation. But there came no opportunity. She was very much in love, poor thing, and when she entered the room and saw him standing there, so big and so handsome, and saw his eyes rest on her so full of glad proud fondness, she felt just one spasm of shame for all the suspicions she had cherished concerning him, and then forgot them wholly for the rest of the evening, giving herself quite up est of the evening, giving herself quite up

to her happiness. It wanted but a week of the wedding. During the ensuing days the bustle of preparation, the multitude of things that must be done and must be thought of, necessarily diverted her mind; and then when, the day before the great day, Farrell came and was so handsome, so devoted, so glad, how could she help quite forgetting all else in a flutter of pride and happiness? But when that night, the night before the wedding, she was it lest slope in her room then she was nearer at lest slope in her room then she was nearer at lest slope in her room the wedding. at last alone in her room, then she was nearer than ever to opening that dreadful let-ter. How could she, how could she, go through the morrow's solemn lifelong con-secration to her lover with this vague, un-formed, awful doubt of him hid in her heart? Nay, in justice to him if not to her-self she was bound to clear her mind of it. She had no right to come to him with that open the letter or not? Was it his or hers? Her head was in a whirl. She cried—but did not open the letter.

Next day came the wedding. It is treason to as true a heart as every beat, but I must

"Oh, I can't divide him up that way, Luey, and think of him as if there were two of him—oh, why did he do it? He has made me so unhappy, and I was so happy before."

Lucy talked some time longer before she left Grace to herself, representing to her that the only course for a self-respecting young lady under the circumstances was eith a misst upon and act upon her right to read a letter addressed to her to, if any preferred out of consideration for her dignitive to read a letter addressed to her to, if any preferred out of consideration for her dignitive to read it, to return it to the sender with his former letters and a note briefly static as that she agreed with him that second thoughts, were est, and legged himstoconsmort their eight ether it an end. But it was assy enough for Lucy to talk; she was not prefere, no doubt she would not in love. Her words fell for the most part of deal ears, as Grace, with the letter crunched in her little fist, nervously walked the ready of the letter, she made as if she would have to read the letter, she made as if she would have to read to her hand, she burst into tears. How was right. She had loved him so. She had been so happy in thinking how noble all where he was, in trusting herself so gladly to him; and now he had spoiled. He had written in that letter? What he had written in that letter?

But she insisted that she was well and be the had written in that letter? What sart of a tale had he told her, the telling of which to his afterthought had seemed so perilous? She had a right to know it and judge of it. Their happiness was as much her capern as his.

At length she rose un and taking the letter went to the window, and holding it up to the light with hard, hungry eyes tried to pierce the seelope and read at least a word or two of what was within. Finding the light not strong enough, she closed the window blinds and few the curtains and, the room being darkened, lit a gas-jet and put the letter close against the fiame in the hope that the

who make a pretty mess if a man after mailing a letter could get it back again. Excussine, sir. You see I'm busy. Good-day?" and the Postmaster, tilting forward his chair, dipped his pen in the ink and resonanced writing, as oblivious of Farrell from hat moment as if he were in Tartary. That same afternoon, about two hours and the residence of Mr. Abel Harrison on one of the management o

to make you happy."

Then, while astonishment yet held him mute, she sprang up, crying, "Wait a minute," and ran out of the room. He heard her flying upstairs to their room and it was not ten seconds before she came running down again and entered the parlor with a letter in her hand. Her face was pale, wet with tears and set with resolve.

with tears and set with resolve.
"I have been false to you, Farrell," she exclaimed. "You remember that letter you telegraphed me not to open but to burn. I did not open it but I never burned it. I kept it, I doubted you, Farrell. I am a faithless bad wife. Can you ever forgive me?" and, throwing the letter upon the

burning coals in the grate, she cast herself into her husband's arms and buried her face upon his shoulder.

I am not quite sure what it was that Farrell exclaimed. I'm not positive that it was not some ejaculation of vexation which it is not some ejaculation of vexation which it is quite as well not to put on paper. But before the flames had more than browned the letter, he had sprung up, setting his wife rather unceremoniously on her feet, and snatched it from the coals. He tore it open. "Look here, you little goose," he exclaimed, turning up the gas with the hand that heid the letter while with the other he caught the shrinking figure of his wife about the waist. "Look here and see what it is." "Oh no. "she said. "I don't want to "Oh no, no," she said, "I don't want to see it. I don't want to. I am ashamed enough of myself now." Now Farrell, as may be supposed, had

"I insist that you shall see it," he said. She looked on as he spread out the con-tents of the charred envelope that had been wet with so many tears. It was a bill from

wet with so many tears. It was a bill from Robert Freeman, the steward of the—Club, to Farrell Bainbridge, Esq., for sundry bottles of wine and other potables and kindred vanities, with a check in liquidation of the same inclosed.

"You see," exclaimed Farrell, "when I was going to marry you I dropped the club, and so had no end of a bill to pay. You are such a fearful little teetotaler that when I found I had sent the bill to you I was in a terrible state of mind. It might dish me entirely. And so I telegraphed. And when entirely. And so I telegraphed. And when you didn't seem to mind it and didn't speak of it, of course I wasn't going to speak of it. And that's been the matter with you, all this time! God bless my soul! You darling little goose!'

Grace had never cried so much in her life as she did with her face hid in her huband's coat collar during the next hour or so, and was never so utterly happy.—Edward Bel-lamy, in Good Company.

An Interesting Family Romance.

Baron, the well-known stove merchant, who lives on Green Street, near Wenzel. Mr. Baron's estimable wife and her two sisters, Mrs. Lizzie Cross, of Sacramento, Cal., and Mrs. Hettie Lowe, of Iowa, are reunited after a separation of nearly thirty years, under circumstances so romantic and unusual that few chapters in fiction are as entertaining. The three ladies are of English parentage. About forty years ago their father, Mr. Joseph Powell, of London, England, accompanied by his wife and children, sailed for Trinidad, one of the British West India Islands. Mr. Powell was wealthy, and had made purchases of to live there. Disease was ravaging the island, and, further, he discovered that in the purchase of the land he had been shattered fortune. He went to Peoria, Ill., and settled there, investing all his means in property. He was swindled again, and, to crown the misfortunes of the family, the father fell ill and died four months after arriving. The family were left almost penniless in a strange land. Mrs. Powell pined away and died of a broken heart, one month after her husband's death. This great misfortune left four little girls and a boy at the mercy of the world. The oldest was seven years old, who is now Mrs. Baron. The children secured homes with kindly people, and for two or three years saw each other frequently. Then came a separation. Mrs. Baron remained in Illinois, Mrs. Lowe went to Iowa, and Mrs. Cross to California. The other brother and sister died soon afterward in Springfield, Ill. The separation took place in 1852, and Mrs. Cross, then a child of nine or ten years, accompanied her brother to California, where the gold fever was raging. They made the passage of the plains in wagon trains, and were attacked by Indians, narrowly escaping annihilation of the party. Her friends went to the mines, and the little girl grew up in the magic changes and romantic surroundings of the gold mines. The children lost sight of each other, but did not forget. Years passed, and the girls grew up to be intelligent and educated young ladies. They married, and all married well. Then they began to yearn for each other, and after many attempts discovered where each other lived, and a correspondence began. With household duties and their children to occupy them, they could not meet on account of the distance which separated them. Last spring Mrs. Cross's husband died, and some time ago she came East, stopping for some months with her sister, Mrs. Lowe, in Iowa. Then both came to Louisville, and several days ago the three long-separated sisters were reunit-ed happily. A happier group could not well be imagined. They are all respected people, occupying high estimation with their acquaintances. There are romantic threads underlying this brief outline which deserve fuller relation,

agony in dancing. Conn., eloped with a boy 16 years of

dence, R. I., recently started for Saginaw, Mich., to rejoin her husband, from whom she has been separated twenty-four years. They were living in Worcester, and the husband left to seek a place to establish himself in business, finally with the second stablish himself in business, finally with the second stablish himself in business. ally settling in Saginaw. The letters that he wrote to his wife were intercepted, and finally after some years each be-lieved the other dead, and it was only by accident that Mrs. Hawker discovered that her husband was still alive.

WHILE an English man-of-war, the Wild Swan, was cruising lately off Mozambique, a slave dhow was sighted and overtaken. In transferring the slaves to the man-of-war, a slave boy fell overboard. One of his legs was immediately bitten off below the knee by a shark, and then the other. A sailor from the man-of-war seeing him, jumped to his rescue, armed only with his sheathing knife, and succeeded not only in rescuing the boy from further harm, but in escaping unburt.

WILLIAM B. BARRINGTON, of San Francisco, was possessed by a desire to take life. He went before the Lunacy Commissioners and asked to be sent to an asylum; but they decided that his mental trouble, if he had any, was brought on by drink, and refused to in-carcerate him. He declared that he had murder in his heart, and some day would be unable to resist it. One evening he was drinking amicably at a bar with an intimate friend. Without warning, he drew a revolver and killed his companion. "I couldn't help it," he said; "I had to take somebody's life."

A ROMANTIC relic of Cowpens battle was shown by Mr. William J. Randolph at King's Mountain during the centennial observance. The relic is a plain 22-carat gold ring, which was found on the Cowpens battle-field in 1821. The inscription reads: "This and ye giver is yours forever, 1722." It was presented to a British officer by his sweetheart be-The happiest household in the city of Louisville, says the Courier-Journal, is that which nightly gathers about the lamp-light at the residence of Mr. F. P. Baron, the well-known stove marchest. in the Carolinas. One was presented to Gen. Lafayette in 1826, and others were sent to England, the cost-of-arms on them revealing the family to whom they belonged.

AT Parkersburg, W. Va., the other day, some children, in a spirit of mischief ran after and caught one of the pigs of a litter, and carried it squealing through the gate into the yard. The old sow became fearfully enraged, and, rushing into the gate, seized the first boy she came across, and, throwing him children were small when the voyage began. It lasted four months in a sailing vessel, and consequently they can still remember it. On reaching Trinidad, Mr. Powell discovered that it was impossible for an unacclimated foreigner to live there. Discovered and a physician summoned, when it was ascertained that the brute had tore the scalp almost entirely from the little fellow's head, and had inflicted other terrible wounds on his body.

Miss Norwood, an American missionary in China, describes how the "golden lily," as the Chinese lady calls her little foot, is formed. When the without it, how they stumble, how they child has learned to walk the binding of the feet begins. The bandages are two inches wide and two yards long for they intrude; down what dread declivities are they hurled! first year and five yards long for subsequent years. During the first year the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing, and for about two years the foot aches continually, and is the seat of a pain which is like the pricking of sharp needles. With continued rigor-ous binding, the foot in two years be-comes dead and ceases to ache, and the whole leg, from the knee downward, becomes shrunk, so as to be little more than skin and bone.

The Future of Weather Foretelling.

in the cause of law and order have in-deed been made; we control the light-ning, we are able to track a clearly de-fined storm for days on its path, and can help the sailor to knowledge that often enables him to escape its clutches when it assails him on the deep sea; but as for foretelling the weather in any proper sense, we have not yet attained to it. Is it attainable? Can we hope to compass the conditions of our days so

THE "Canadian lope" is the latest agony in dancing.

MRS. CYRUS CHAPMAN, of Ledyard. Conn., cloped with a boy 16 years of age.

A Young lady of Boston became inspect of the late Gen. Myer. Both of these try; that it means conditions that pass from one region to another by certain rate. A YOUNG lady of Boston became insane because she could not afford to wear real lace on her clothes.

ITALIAN army officers are now exercised in the practical running of railroad trains, so that in time of war they may know all about moving troops by rail.

A YOUNG lady of Portland, Me., was insulted on the street by a rough. She seized him by the collar, took him to the police station and made a complaint against him.

A CASE is puzzling the doctors at Buffalo. Some time ago a man fell into a well and forced into his abdomen a large piece of wood, which came out near his shoulder. Nevertheless he is now recovering rapidly.

MRS. HARRIET HAWKER, of Providence, R. I., recently started for Saginaw, Mich., to rejoin her husband, from whom she has been separated twenty-four years. They were living in Worcester and the husband left to a rouse than a ground-part of the barometer will tell something about storms that have not yet gathered themselves for their eastward march, but beyond this there have as yet been no means of foreseeing. The Weather Bureau is of no more use than a ground-part of the large and the husband left to a rouse hope for telling use. reau is of no more use than a ground-hog or a goose-bone for telling us whether our coming spring or summer is to be warm or cold, rainy or dry. Is this the end of our advance? Can we hope to do no more than take the storms we find afloat, and trace them on their courses; or can we hope to look behind them to the conditions of their origin so clearly that we can foretell their time and place of working?-Atlantic Monthly.

Eighteen!

Ar eighteen the true narrative of life is yet to be commenced. Before that time we sit listening to a tale—a marvelous fiction—delightful sometimes and sad sometimes; always unreal. Before that time our world is heroic—its inhabitants half divine or semi-demon; its scenes are dream scenes; darker woods and stranger hills, brighter skies, more dangerous waters, sweeter flowers, more tempting fruits, wider plains, drearier deserts, sunnier fields than are found in nature overspread our enchanted globe. What a moon we gaze on before that time! How the trembling of our hearts at her aspect bears witness to its unutterable beauty! As to our sun, it is a burning heaven—the world of gods At that time—at eighteen, drawing near the confines of illusive, void dreams, Elf-land lies before us, the shores of reality rise in front. These shores are yet distinct; they look so blue, soft, gentle, we long to reach them. In sunshine we see a greenness beneath the azure as of spring meadows; we catch glimpses of silver lines and imagine the roll of living waters. Could we but reach this land we think to hunger and thirst no more; whereas, many a wilderness, and often the flood of death, or some stream of sorrow, as cold and almost as black as death, is to be crossed ere true bliss can blood must grace with red beads the brow of the combatants before the wreath of victory rustles over it. At eighteen we are not aware of this.
Hope, when she smiles on us, and
promises happiness to-morrow, is implicitly believed. Love, when he comes
wandering like a lost angel at our door, is at once admitted, welcomed, em-braced; his quiver is not seen; if the arrows penetrate, their would is like a thrill of new life; there are no fears of thrill of new life; there are no fears of poison, none of the barb which no leech's hand can extract; that perilous passion—no agony ever in some of its phases, with many, one agony throughout—is believed to be an unqualified good. In short, at eighteen the school of experience is to be entered, and her humble, crushing, grinding, but purifying and invigorating lessons are yet to be learned. Alas, experience! No other mentor has so wasted and frozen a face as yours; none wears a robe so black, none bears a rod so heavy; none with a hand so inexorable draws the novice so sternly to his task, and forces novice so sternly to his task, and forces him with an authority so resistless to its acquirements. It is by your instructions alone that man or woman can ever find a safe track through life's wilds;

How a Young Lady Won \$5,000.

Bur here comes one of my favorites writes the Boston correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin. Isn't she fine-looking? No? Well, listen while I tell you her story, and learn why I like her looks. Some years ago, a man who had more money than good reputation, advertised that he would give \$5,000 to any respectable white woman who would walk unveiled from the Adams House entrance down Washington Street with him, at an hour when all the In no other part of her wide realm has Science done so little for the good of man or her own fame as in the department of meteorology. In the solid earth her prophecies have long had a high value, in the far-off heavens her empire is affirmed, but in the unstable air between those two well-possessed provinces there is a region that is not yet subjugated. Around the border of the domain of meteorology some gains in the cause of law and order have indeed been made; we control the lightwith him, at an hour when all the been taken up, and quite a crowd had gathered to see him pay his \$5,000. He helped her alight, offered her his arm, walked a few steps with her, when she removed her veil at his request and revealed to his gaze a face as black as removed her veit at his request and revealed to his gaze a face as black as night. "You have deceived me," he said; "this is not fair." "I am not a negro," she replied, and to prove it she pulled off her gloves and showed a pair of hands as white as yours are this minute. The man turned toward the carthat we may sow and reap, travel, least, or make war in weather of our choice? This is, after all, perhaps the most interesting of the questions that the future history of science must determine. But though the perfect answer is not to be given at present, there are some things in the existing conditions of our science that make us hopeful that we are but at the beginning of the work of weather forecasting.

There have been twe distinct scientific efforts at weather foretelling, as distinguished from the current survival romantic threads underlying this brief outline which deserve fuller relation, and Mrs. Cross, it is understood, is going to write the history of the eventful lives of the three sisters.

tific efforts at weather foretelling, as distinguished from the current survival of the current survival of the modes of thought of ancient ages that are introduced in our ordinary weather prophecies, that undertaken by none the worse for it either.